

An ELEGY

Upon the Death of the Most Illustrious Princess

HENERETTA MARIA,

Dutches of Orleans, &c.

What ayles the Town? what is it clouds their eyes?
And speaks them Martyrs to grief's cruelties;
What sudden change hath turn'd our joy to sorrow,
When swelled Lungs, breath from the air did borrow,
To express that joy, which must not last till morrow.

Me thinks that joyful news I still do heare,
Heneretta's Landed now at *Dover* Peere,
Where th' Air did dance at the Guns Mus'cal sound,
And how each Hollow, did that sound confound,
To see her Landed safe on *English* Ground.

But ha'nt you seen a black Clowd at Noon-day
To bereave *Phœbus* of his brightest Ray.
So when our Joy was ray'd up to the height,
Death interpos'd his Shade, & Ecclips that light
And turn our Noon of Joy, to Sorrow's Night.

Heneretta Dead! and Heaven no notice give
By Blazing Comets, that do only live
Upon those Vapours, which th' Earth doth expire
In Sigh, when Heaven her Princes do desire,
To attend their Service, at its Sacred Quire.

Princes are Gods a *Solocasm* 'twould be,
For to desire the Death of 'ts Deitie,
Is the World defensive, *Tutalars* will have
Their Lives, for her Protection she must crave;
No help can come from such as sleep in Grave.

Death if for Lives thou thirst'st? why dost not go,
And take whole thousands to thy Shades below
Of Common sort, such we can well thee spare,
But when to Royal Branches thou com'st near,
We all the Lapping of that Tree do fear.

Alas! I thirst not (death doth now reply)
For Royal Blood, it was her Destiny:
The Fatal Sisters surely did Combine,
To Spin and make for her a Silken Line,
Which was the sooner broke for being fine.

Kings, Queens, or Princes, all must yeild to Fate,
When their decree is past complaint's too late:
Ask Sacred Urns, and they will soon reply,
The Fates of Old decreed Mortality,
And all must yeild to this their destiny.

Rivers of Water then give now to me,
I'll soon exhale out their Humidity,
That now from thence I may some Water have
Enough, to moisten this, too early Grave,
Yet scarce enough, though I the Sea should Crave.

Hence let us seek some doleful Gloomy Shade,
By Nature only for our Sorrows made,
There we'll bewail's our most unhappy Fate,
Of our lost Royal Princg's, who of late,
Was th' only Female Branch of *Brittains* State.

Nor need we fear, she'd visit us again;
If Heaven proud of her, did not detain;
There now among the Heavenly Saints she's set
A Jewel fit for such a Cabinet,
May we by her Example thither get.

To speak her Worth, we Mortals strive in vain;
That Honour Angels, can alone attain:
Yet my endeavors, Reader do not blame;
If I attempt t' Illustrate still her Fame,
By an *Accrostick* of her Maiden Name.

An Accrostick.

Here Majesty in Dust doth lye;
Earth's Goddess (see's Mortalitye);
Nostre-Dame our Dame doth hide;
Earth's lustre doth in darkness bide,
Rejoycing Heaven, her Soul doth claime;
Earth her Princess, Heaven her Saint doth name,
Thus Al's red, she in Marble Sleeps,
The Altar now her Body keeps,
And every Stone for Sorrow weeps.

May Streams of Water ever flow,
And every Eye a Deluge know,
Rather than she should want a Tear,
I think Heaven would condense the Air,
And make us all a Deluge Fear.

Say Traveller then get a while:
Tarry and view this Funeral Pile;
Even Urns our Judgements may inform;
Worthies have trembled at a Worm,
And dost thou see a Princess lye,
Remember then that thou must dye,
The low Tree fall as well as high.

*Quis talia fundo, tempore a Lachrymis sit transis
illa, cunctis Felicitati, non est.*

T. R.